

Lucy E. ALLAN



# HOMETOWN BESTIARY



WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, I USED  
TO FANTASISE THAT I WAS A WOLF THAT  
PRETENDED IT WAS HUMAN, BUT THEN  
FORGOT IT WAS EVER A WOLF.

I HAD SUCH VIVID DREAMS  
ABOUT MY HALF- REMEMBERED  
WOLF- SELF,

I ALMOST BEGAN  
TO THINK IT MIGHT  
BE TRUE



THE PLAN IS TO STAY HERE FOR A  
LITTLE WHILE. JUST A YEAR OR TWO.  
GET A JOB. SAVE SOME MONEY.



I KNOW THE VALUE NOW  
OF 'JUST A YEAR OR TWO.'  
THAT IS THE TIME IT TOOK  
TO BECOME WHO I AM.

I AM SO AFRAID  
THAT IN 'JUST A YEAR OR TWO'  
I WILL HAVE TURNED BACK  
TO WHO I WAS  
BEFORE.



I MOVED BACK TO  
MY HOME TOWN  
ABOUT A YEAR  
AGO



BEFORE THAT, I'D  
LIVED AND STUDIED  
IN DUBLIN



BUT I COULDN'T  
AFFORD TO STAY THERE



I LIKED WHO I WAS  
IN DUBLIN



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I LIKED THE FRIENDS  
I MADE THERE



BUT MORE THAN ANYTHING,

I LIKED HOW DUBLIN

MADE ME  
FEEL



LIKE I WAS SEEING EVERYTHING,  
EXPERIENCING EVERYTHING,

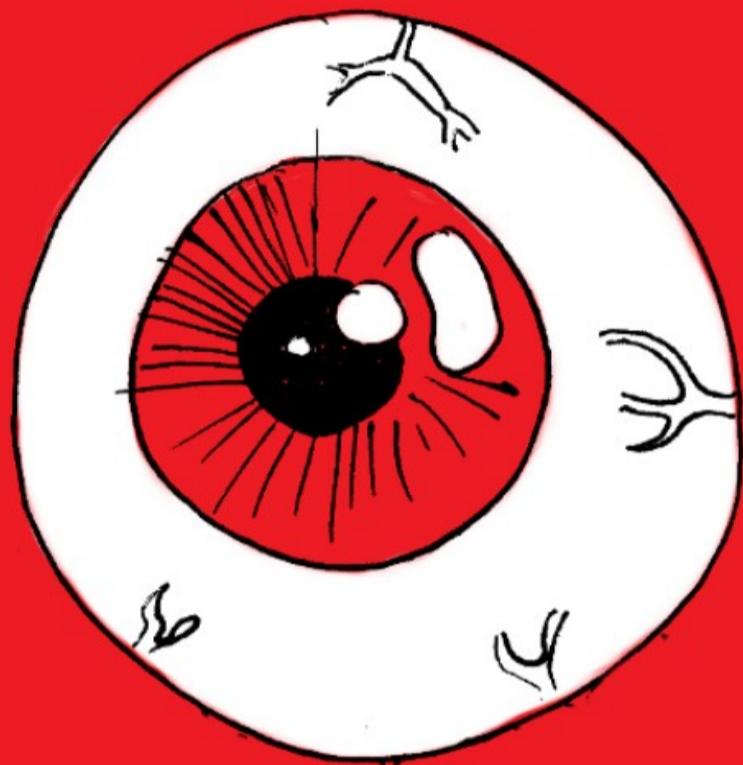
AND NOBODY  
WAS WATCHING  
ME.



I FELT LIKE AN  
ANIMAL  
MOVING IN THE  
NIGHT,



THE KIND YOU ONLY EVER  
SEE OUT OF THE CORNER  
OF YOUR EYE  
AS IT DARTS AWAY.



PERCEIVING EVERYTHING  
PERCEIVED BY NO ONE

HERE, I FEEL EYES ON  
ME ALL THE TIME



ALL THE TIME, I'M  
CONCIOUS OF THE SHAPE  
OF MYSELF -  
OF THE PHYSICAL,  
VISIBLE PART OF  
ME



MY SKIN DOESN'T FEEL  
LIKE MINE ANYMORE.

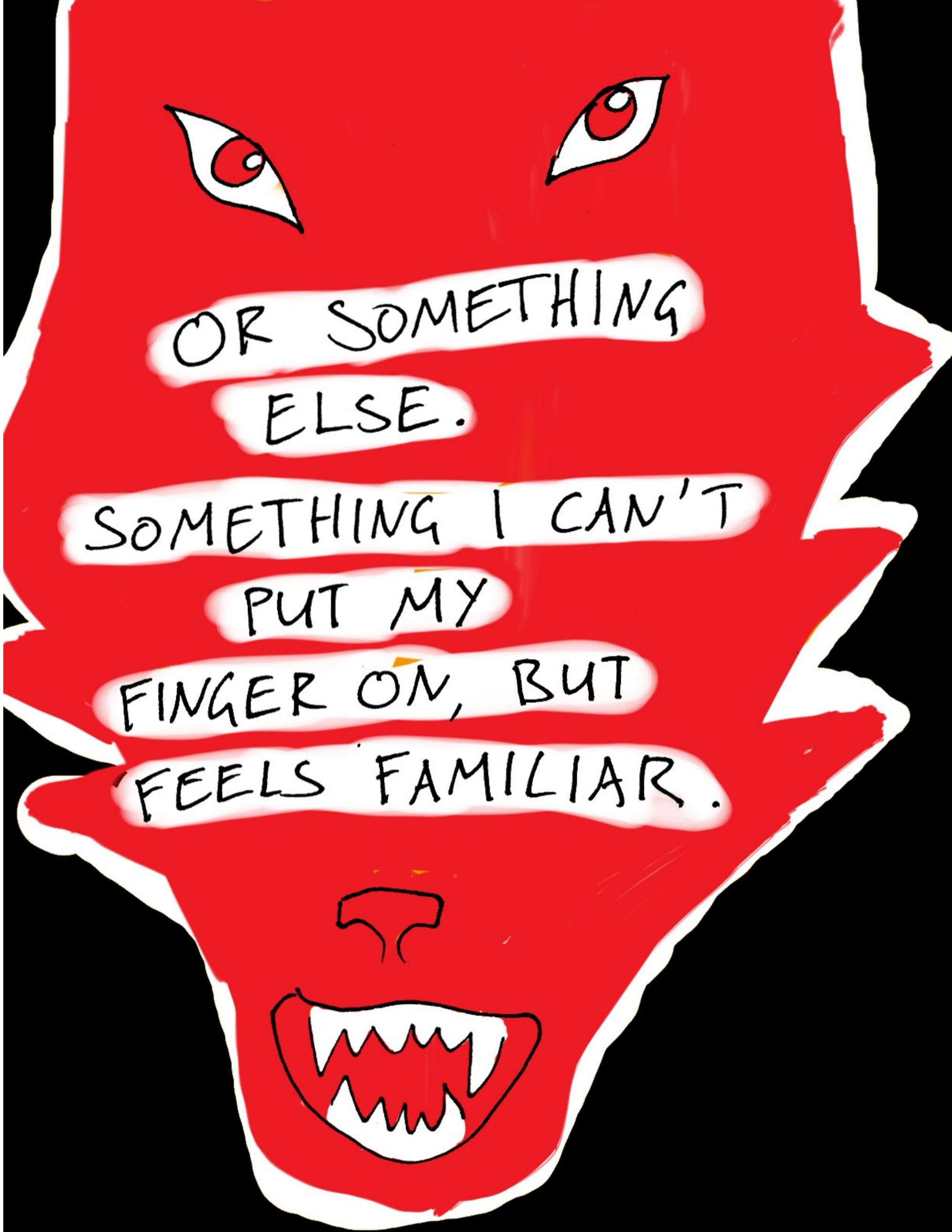


I FEEL ITCHY  
ON THE INSIDE,

LIKE SOMETHING'S TRYING  
TO CLAW ITS WAY  
OUT.

LIKE MY GHOST IS RATTLING  
FROM THE INSIDE





OR SOMETHING  
ELSE.  
SOMETHING I CAN'T  
PUT MY  
FINGER ON, BUT  
FEELS FAMILIAR.

I LIVE ALONE.

I SPEND MOST OF MY NIGHTS  
GETTING BLACKOUT DRUNK  
BY MYSELF,

TRYING TO

TAP IN TO

THAT

STRANGE

SOMETHING



THAT'S INSIDE ME.



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, I TAKE  
IT OUT FOR WALKS

THAT GHOST- PART.

THAT CREATURE- PART.

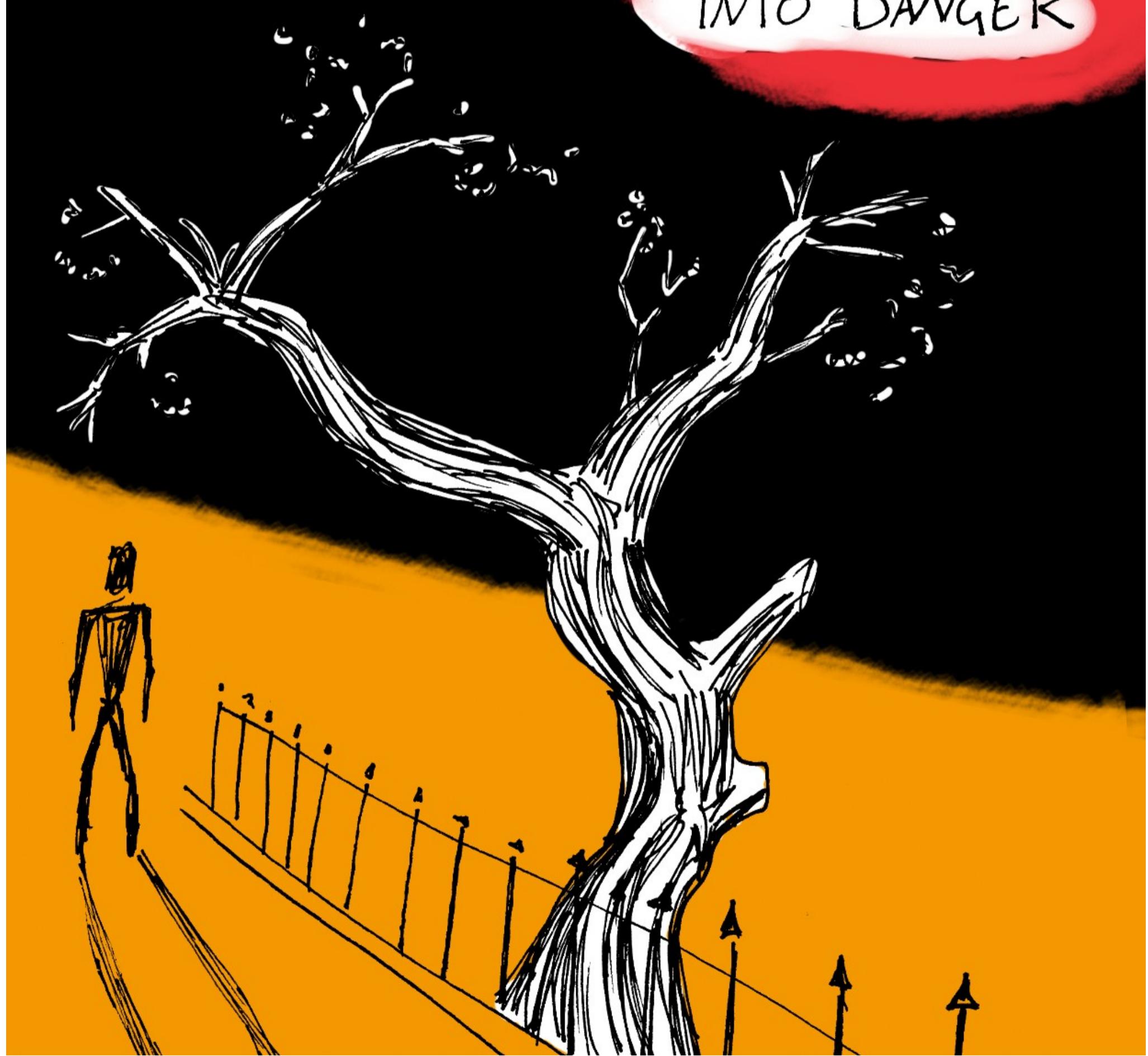
THERE IS A  
WILDNESS TO THIS  
CITY.

SOMETHING HERE  
IS FRACTURED  
AND UNEVEN.



LIKE THERE  
ARE HAIRLINE  
CRACKS IN  
ITS REALITY.

I FEEL AFRAID, SOMETIMES -  
OF THE CITY AT NIGHT,  
OF MY CREATURE-THING,  
DELIBERATELY LEADING ME  
INTO DANGER



A stylized illustration featuring a red horse on the left and a yellow person on the right. The horse is facing left, showing its profile. The person is shown from the waist up, facing right, with their right arm extended downwards. The background is black, and the figures are rendered with thick, hand-drawn lines and solid colors.

BECAUSE IT'S  
EASIER TO THINK OF  
IT AS SOMETHING  
SEPARATE FROM  
ME.



SOMETIMES  
YOU HAVE TO TAKE  
YOUR EYES OFF  
YOURSELF FOR A  
SECOND

LET YOURSELF SLIP  
IN BETWEEN THE  
CRACKS





AND REMEMBER  
WHO THE FUCK  
YOU ARE.





**Lucy E Allan is a Frankenstein's  
monster apologist with a creative  
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